

VOL. LXXV.—No. 1928
Week Ending February 14, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE NARROWING TARGET.

CUPID.—I'm doing the best I can, old man, but if I make one hit in twenty these days I'm lucky.

TRUTH JUSTICE BREVITY

VOL. LXXV. No. 1928. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 14, 1914.

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THE Lincoln cartoon on the opposite page is the work of Mr. M. DE ZAYAS. The treatment is worthy of the great subject the artist handles. In the issue dated February 21st will appear a cartoon by Mr. DE ZAYAS commemorating General WASHINGTON'S birthday.

Mr. DE ZAYAS will in future be a regular contributor to Puck, and hit off, in his characteristic and forcible manner, the foibles of the people of the day. If his satire is at times severe, it will be so artistic that even those at whom it is aimed will enjoy it.

OUR next issue, No. 1929, for the week ending February 21st, will be a noteworthy number in its various regular departments and in some new features, while the color and black-and-white in the art department will be equally distinctive, including a double-page cartoon by JOSEPH KEPPLER, a "postery" front cover showing the humors of the mid-winter bathing-girl by WILL HAMMELL, and a back cover by L. M. GLACKENS, all printed in Puck's well-known beautiful and striking color schemes.

PUCK is always anxious to hear from its readers as to any suggestions or criticisms that they may have for the improvement of the paper.

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COPIES of the front cover of this issue of Puck in full colors, on very heavy, rich paper, for framing purposes, will be mailed postpaid anywhere in the world on receipt of 25c. in United States stamps or currency. These pictures for framing have no printed matter on them—just the picture. Several very charming subjects are in preparation for future numbers.

PUCK is desirous of obtaining every week short stories, clever reviews of the week, cartoons, jokes, and freak pictures. Highest cash-on-acceptance prices will be paid for matter that can be used. The Corporation will use its best care with manuscripts, but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributors should enclose, in every case, self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper.

The Puck Publishing Corporation will be especially glad to receive photographs of current happenings or of interesting people from any amateur or professional. Contributors are requested to state

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Puck



.... "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."



Important News

This funny world

MR. TAFT worries in a happy, good-humored way, but he worries nevertheless, and he does a lot of his worrying out loud for people to hear. He considers himself one of the main anchors of the Ship of State, and as such he is fearful of being "dragged." Says the ex-President: "We read a speech and we say, 'No one is fool enough to believe that,' and we promptly forget all about it. Then in two or three years we find that people who we believed had great common-sense have accepted these same theories." It is sad, isn't it? But Mr. TAFT should



take heart. The future may not be as black as he fears. Once only a few people, a very few, believed in the fool theory of freedom for slaves. The good TAFTS of that day read the speeches of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and a few other crazy theorists and said: "No one is fool enough to believe that," and promptly forgot all about it. COPERNICUS and GALILEO had a crack-brained notion once that the world did not stand still; incidentally, that it was not the centre of the universe. Such a theory was very disturbing; people of "common sense" of course were not influenced by it, but it was very disturbing nevertheless to the authorities, and they asked GALILEO what he

meant by saying such a thing? Then there was a hopeless lunatic once who said that iron ships would float. Nobody was fool enough to believe that; but iron ships *do* float. And slaves were freed, and the world *does* move. We like Mr. TAFT, and we hate to have him worry. Some time when his classes at Yale will let him off for an hour or so, he should drop in on the Professor of History and pick up a few points.

Not every fool theory is a stepping-stone in the progress of the world, but every stepping-stone in the world's progress was once a "fool theory" . . . of that he may be sure.

A NEWSPAPER account of the Old Dominion steamship disaster spoke thus of the work of the *Monroe's* stewards: "They fastened the preservers about the passengers, they helped them over the side to the boats, they cheered and encouraged them, and—let this be remembered—these stewards were black men." None too respectfully referred to Governor BLEASE, of South Carolina, and Senator VARDAMAN, of Mississippi.

THREE big foreign problems confront America—the Mexican situation, the Japanese resentment of the California land-law, and the tangle over Panama tolls.

Happily the Helm of State is in the sure grasp of a Secretary who steers through the troubled waters of international agitation toward the safe haven of peace, and the compass by which the country's captain guides the nation's destinies points to Right and Justice.

ONE brand of rumor from our neighbor Mexico states that Huerta is "reduced to living off the country." This may not be as doleful as it sounds. Countless politicians in the U. S. A. are used to living off the country, and living mighty well.

AN Austrian field-marshal, watchful of the welfare and discipline of his troops, has forbidden women with slit skirts to appear at military drills. Evidently the command, "Eyes right" was never obeyed.

NATIONAL City Bank, largest in country, applies for membership in the new Federal Reserve banking system.

The surrender of this powerful institution, which led against the Currency Bill, indicates that there will be few national banks playing hookey when Schoolmaster Wilson rings the bell. Seventy-four per cent. of the banks, including all the big institutions, have come in, and the threat to boycott the new national banking system and to take out State charters is no longer heard.

WHEN the women passengers on a coastwise liner were divided equally on the question of whether the Tango should be danced aboard ship, the matter was put up to the captain, and he reserved his decision until outside the three-mile limit. Sea captains should learn that the Tango recognizes no limits.

WE have it on the authority of the gentleman himself that whenever BERNARD SHAW visits a provincial town he goes first to a cathedral and then to a moving-picture show. There is a railway line in England which is known as the Cathedral Route. Perhaps, with BERNARD SHAW'S aid, the Movie Route may be established.

CERTAIN pessimists of journalism see disaster in the new anti-Trust legislation. They claim it will bring only ruin, and needless ruin, to the business of our land. Ruin, especially needless ruin, is a bad thing to have around, but is there not a possibility that the pessimists of journalism are mistaken? The revised tariff was booked to bring ruin, if we recollect correctly. It has n't; or not as yet. Ruin stalked in the trail of the Currency Bill, and according to big bankers and to men as erudite as NELSON W. ALDRICH, would envelop the country like a fog-blanket. It did n't, and strange to say, since the Currency Bill has become law, some of these same gentlemen see in it only a blessing and a boon. May it not be the same with anti-Trust legislation? If the pessimists of journalism are sincerely pessimistic, we call these facts to their attention in the hope that they will bring to them good cheer and a ray of hope. If they are not sincere, if they are trying merely to black-jack President WILSON into calling off Congress from its latest task, then the time is ripe, to quote again that saying attributed to LINCOLN: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool *all* of the people *all* of the time." Some of the attempts to do so are pitifully puerile and transparent.



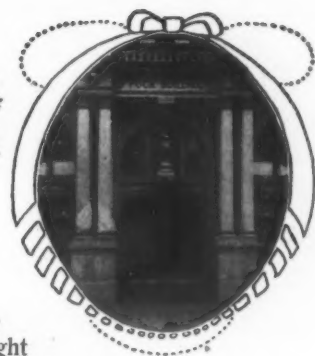
SMALL wonder that J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Jr., is thinking of selling some of his father's art treasures when the city dilly-dallies over providing a place to exhibit the great collection.

Cuba has a highway-graft scandal. This proves that the Cubans are just as well fitted for self-government as the enlightened people of New York State.

ALL the grafters are not politicians. Witness the looting of the 'Frisco by the officials and bankers, coming right on top of the New Haven disclosures.

Impertinent Comment

as Puck sees it.



WITH Dr. WILSON prescribing prison terms for malefactors of great wealth, and New York judges locking up politicians of great pull, it does look as though Special Privilege was in a bad way.

THE Government plans to hand the cost of living a staggering blow by teaching people to eat sea mussels, of which enough to feed ten persons may be bought for twenty-five cents. The Government is on the wrong tack. That is no way to interest people in sea mussels. They are too cheap. There are lots of people who would rush to eat sea mussels if they were served at two dollars a portion who would not touch them with a ten-foot pole if they thought that twenty-five cents' worth would feed — Oh, fancy! — ten persons.



A fine new ship of the Standard Oil Company has been christened the John D. Archbold. Perhaps Mr. Archbold has a few "My dear Senator" letters which the new ship could use as ballast.

ONE of President YUAN SHIH'KAI'S "administration measures" is a bill which provides for the worship of CONFUCIUS by the Chinese. CONFUCIUS said, among other things: "To see the right, and not to do it, is to be a coward." China might do a lot worse than to worship the man who said that.

HOBOKEN gets on the map. Its big, common-sense Recorder, MCGOVERN, instead of sending boys to jail, is touching their throats with nitrate of silver to cure the cigarette habit.

A lot of the places where the Tango is now danced will not be nearly so well patronized if it is decided that the Tango after all is a perfectly innocent diversion.

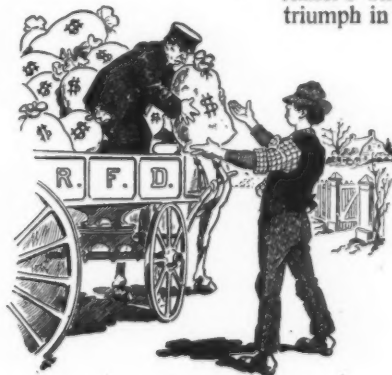
B. F. YOAKUM, President of the 'Frisco Railroad system, authority on cutting down the cost of living, made \$212,698 out of one syndicate in the high-financing of the road.

LITTAUER, former Congressman, defender and beneficiary of high-protective tariff, convicted of smuggling.

GENERAL COXEY'S idea of prosperity is a Government bank in every town of a thousand inhabitants or more, "which banks shall loan money direct to the people." This is all right as far as it goes, but it would work unnecessary hardship upon those whose homes are in the open country or in towns of less than a thousand souls. Citizens thus isolated might find it difficult, if not impossible, to reach a bank, and General COXEY should amend his plan for their sakes. To all out of reach of banking facilities, the Government might send a packet of money each week by Rural Free Delivery. We have established the R. F. D. at vast expense. Why not get some practical good out of it?

HORIZONTAL reduction in express rates to meet competition of parcel-post. The club is a great promoter of sanity in corporation management.

WIRELESS message sent clearly from Lackawanna train going sixty-four miles an hour to station thirty-five miles away. First big achievement for 1914.

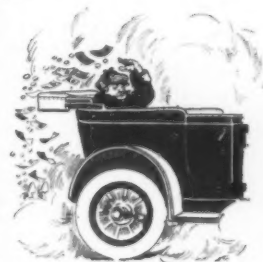


SHELBY M. CULLOM, U. S. Senator from Illinois for twenty-eight years, is dead at eighty-four, after half a century spent in the public service. Long a power in the Old Guard of the G. O. P., his place in history is fixed by his authorship of the Inter-State Commerce Act, the first big step in the regulation of the railroads.

Politics, says Champ Clark, is the greatest science in the world. So those men we saw around the polls last election day were scientists, were they?

"FOR God's sake, go on," cried the owner of an automobile, when the car struck and killed a woman pedestrian. The driver obeyed, and went on. Take down your copy of the *Tale of Two Cities* and read what happened when the coach of Monsieur the Marquis ran over and killed a little child in the crowded slums of Paris. We quote: "It is extraordinary to me," said the Marquis, 'that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses?'"

That's the idea exactly. Why should sympathy be wasted upon the victims of fast motoring? How do we know what injury may have been done the shock-absorbers or the carburetor or the inner tubes of the tires? The people of Paris were not reasonable; they revolted. But the people of this day, we trust, are more enlightened. When his horses killed the child, Monsieur the Marquis threw out a piece of gold to pacify the parent. Perhaps if the owners of death-dealing cars were to throw out gold pieces —



BASEBALL is not a mortal sin. Newark Consistory refuses to dismiss pastor who played the game, and increased his salary. It even winked at lawn-tennis.

FARR ALPACA CO., of Holyoke, Mass., paying twenty-four per cent. dividends, triples capital on eight per cent. basis, and gives employees dividends at the same rate on their earnings.

Sherman, G. O. P. Senator from Illinois, advocates the short ballot, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Even a Stand-patter won't stay put these days.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY WHITMAN puts on spectacles. Some graft-probers wear goggles and blinders.

FOUR thousand miles, without wires, without relaying, comes the Kaiser's birthday message to the President, making a new triumph in the annihilation of time and space.

BOY who planted forty bombs, committed five burglaries, and stole thirty horses, confesses with shame that he never learned to pick pockets.

REPRESENTATIVE A. MITCHELL PALMER, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill focusing the national power on the child-labor evil.

HITCHING the parcel-post to the soaring cost of living is the way to yank it down.

LEAN YEARS FOR ART.

WHAT with the activities of the Cubists, the ascendancy of the Mutt-Jeff school of drawing, and the decline of tattooing, Art is in a bad way. The Cubists have pretty much re-tangled themselves out of public vision since their mighty splurge of a couple of years ago, so perhaps this danger is the least. The Mutt-Jeff school, on the contrary, is doing a thriving business. Were Rubens and Sir Joshua Reynolds to come back to earth to-day, they would have to draw their pictures with "balloons" or quit; and Turner, lacking the humorous twist that produces Dingbats, would starve at the easel.

But the worst blow that has befallen Art in the last half-century is the decreasing interest in tattooing. There was a time when strongmen, particularly sea-faring men, whose skin had not been punctured for the insertion of "Neptune," "An Anchor," "Clasped Hands," "Full-Rigged Ship," or "Lady Going to The Bath," was considered an enemy of Art. There was scarcely a soul so impervious to the appeal of the esthetic as not to have one or more of these designs imbedded in his hide. Many were the youths who took ship for the East with no thought of matters higher than a belaying-pin; but these always returned as Patrons of Art, if not, indeed, qualified masters of the needle themselves.

Except for a logical and excusable leaning toward delineation of the other sex, most of these Patrons cultivated still life. The American flag—executed in red, blue, and flesh—figures, memorable dates, and mottoes were beloved of the tars. A heart was a mighty cheering and artistic thing, particularly when there was an arrow stuck through it, symbolizing a tender affection aroused during a three-weeks' stay in Manila loading jute. For the more practically inclined the tattooer could draw a life-like picture of a foaming stein of beer.

Somehow, people aren't interested in tattooing as they used to be. You might walk the whole length of Broadway without seeing a man with an Anchor (done in blue with a red rope) on the back of his hand. The writer owns shamefully that he has not a single Mermaid depicted on either his chest or his forearm.

LAYING THE BLAME.

VISITOR.—Where's all the folks gone to?
THE "OLD MAN" (on the door step).—All shot to pieces. Durn these "Home Economy" magazines anyway. The wife's been gone since Friday trying to find an unheard-of drug to use in a "simple" remedy for freckles; the cook's been working since last evening on a five-minute hasty-pudding recipe; and my daughter is laid up with burning herself in a "Home Mechanic" bath-tub that she made out of a thimble, two sieves, and a mile of lead pipe.

THE DAY OF THE FORCEFUL.

THOSE who sigh for relief from political pains will salute with joy the candidacy of Al. Jennings, reliever *par excellence*. For some years Al. clad himself in a mask and relieved express-messengers of their strong-boxes, passengers of their watches and wallets, and recalcitrants of their weapons. Along the Texas border he was "Old Ready Relief." Later he became an author, and relieved the *Saturday Evening Post* of several cents a word. Now he wishes to introduce relief into Oklahoma by becoming Governor of the State.

This is the day of the forceful in politics as well as in literature. The cry goes out for forceful men, and Al. hears it and responds. His record may seem to be against him; but in politics records are things to which only the Opposition cling. A review of the records of other men, afterward governors and more than governors, might show that Al.'s method had real merit. He took chances.

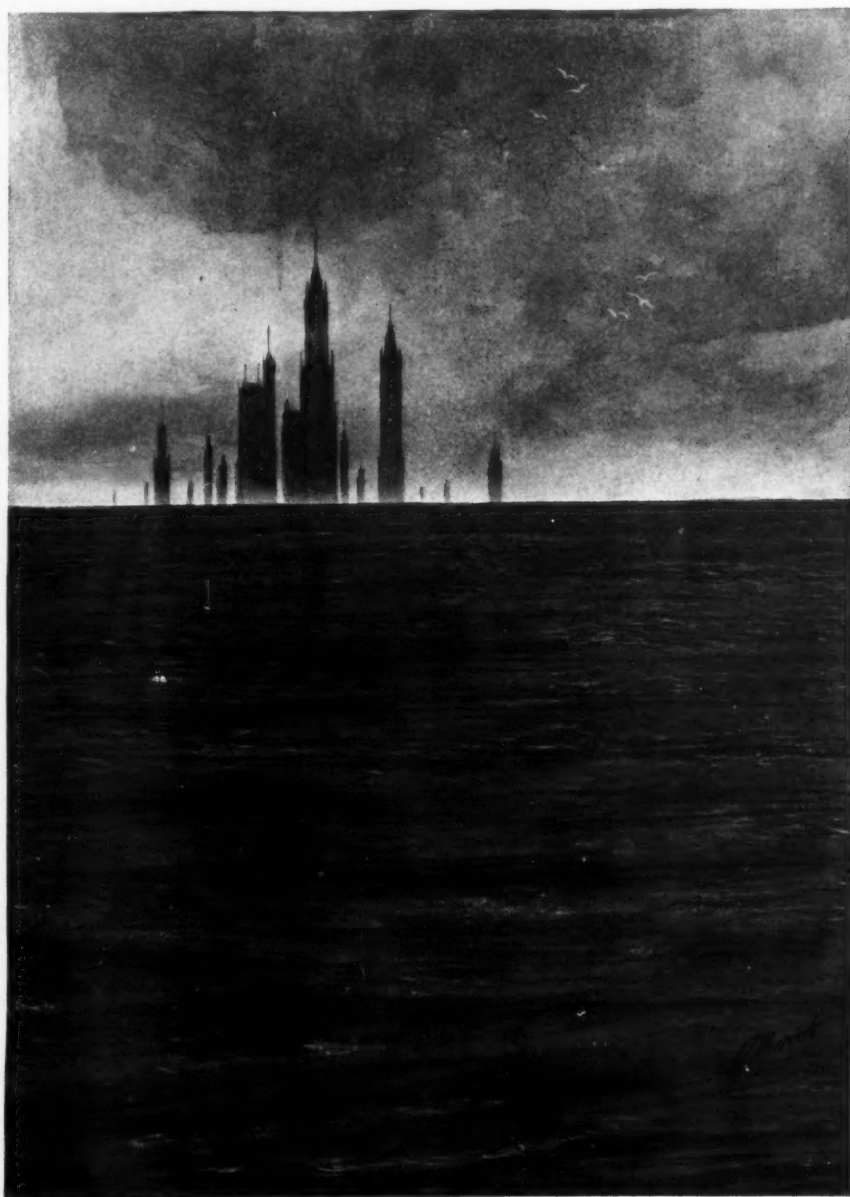
If you look for the forceful, Al. is your man. Presumably his trigger-finger has not lost its cunning. He could, on a pinch, "stick up" a whole legislature and relieve them of their contumacy, or whatever else it seemed necessary to get. He used to be an expert at getting the drop; there is no reason to believe that he has forgotten how.

Life is a queer shake-down any way you look at it. Dick Turpin, as a member of Parliament; Captain Kidd a judge in the Admiralty Court; these are not unthinkable things. There is no more reason why a highwayman, leaving the road, should not graduate into office than that a politician, having attained office, should become a highwayman. And this latter has been known to happen; and not only in Texas. Al.

Jennings, having lived a forceful life, and having escaped a forceful death, looks longingly into a field where Force is bringing more than par. All he wants is a chance. Why not let him have it?

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME.

HARLEY (just arrived).—Gee, but the air in this flat is dopey, Clara.
MRS. HARLEY.—Maybe it's due to the steam hitting the pipe.



"LAND HO!"

A DIFFICULT CASE.

PATIENT.—You are worried about my case, doctor; I can see it in your face.

DOCTOR.—No-o, not exactly.

PATIENT.—Tell me the truth, doctor. I want to know just what you think.

DOCTOR.—Well, to be quite candid with you, I was worrying about your bill. You have n't paid me a cent in two years.

MAN shows his teeth and growls; woman ditto and smiles,—thereby usually achieving the object she had in view.

The Human Comedy



SOMEWHERE in the mountains near San José, California, is a man named Frank E. Murray, a hermit. He is not a professional hermit, with a long flowing beard and hair and hunted eyes, like the ones that advertise the summer resorts and furnish occasional copy for the weekly paper. He is not even a willing hermit, shunning a cold world of humans for the chaster, nobler company, of trees, squirrels, and wood-ticks. He is a hermit because he would rather be a hermit than go to jail.

The judge was a man of heart. The prisoner at the bar being fifty-eight years old, it seemed a pity to waste his few remaining years in felonious company. So, in effect, the judge said: "Murray, stand up! Frank E. Murray, for your offensive penmanship I sentence you to get hence to the mountains, and there to stay for the term of two years. If you show your nose in a city or town before the end of that time, behind the bars you go. Will you be a hermit, or will you not?"

"I will be a hermit," answered Frank E. Murray, and off he went.

For two years this handwriting expert will not see the old crowd, or crook his elbow over the polished bar. He will see no movies, play no seven-up, talk no politics, swap no yarns, read no morning newspapers. Kings may die, and kingdoms fall; Frank E. Murray will be undisturbed.

About the time the snow is seven feet deep he may hear, from a passing wayfarer, the news of the post-season ball games. The matter of Japanese exclusion will not keep him awake at night; nor will he be perceptibly jarred when Huerta falls. This is the sentence of Murray.

Now, most men become hermits because they want to be hermits; because they would rather be hermits than anything else. They have been disillusioned about the benefits of life; their dream of love has been fractured in a number of places; their gold-mines proved to be a combination of brass and high-art engraving; a brutal editor sent back their manuscripts; off they go to the heart of the woods, and thereafter commune with Nature or with an occasional newspaper reporter.

At first it is probably dull work. Many a hermit, in the early days of his hermitage, would be glad to hustle back into the ungrateful but interesting world were it not for his pride. Pride made him a hermit, and pride keeps him a hermit. He cannot bear the thought that rude men would wink

at each other and say: "Here's Smith back again. I told you he would n't stick. *Why, he can't even herm!*"

But after a while, when hermits get things going more smoothly, and learn the valuable secret of solitude, and discover that dishes do not really have to be washed after each using, and that a starched shirt and collar is not a part of the human anatomy, and that book-agents, bores, and bill-collectors never penetrate the forest primeval—then they settle comfortably down to a hermit life, and it becomes a habit with them. They get a solid satisfaction in thinking what the world lost when they took up hermiting.

It is different, of course, when a man is an involuntary hermit, like Murray. There is mighty little romance about being kicked out of civilization for the good of civilization. To do time in the woods is conceivably far worse than the chummy atmosphere of a jail. It would n't be surprising if, in about two weeks, Frank E. Murray came back to the San José judge and said: "I'll take that twenty years. Put me in a nice, noisy place, with a pleasant outlook on a soap-factory, or near a railroad yard with boiler-shop attachment."

THIS introduces to your attention the Governor of Kursk; the fearless, the blood-and-iron, the lion-hearted, wise, and steadfast Governor of Kursk. There are other valiant governors in the Russian Empire, but none like the Governor of Kursk. He is of the old stock; has the old spirit. He is afraid of nothing.

A Jewish dentist was deported from Kursk, leaving a two-year-old boy, in delicate health, behind with friends. But it is written in the laws of Kursk that this child must not live outside a certain prescribed area. The crown being thus imperiled, the Governor of Kursk acted quickly.

An escort of soldiers was called. Bayonets were fixed. Ammunition was served out to the men. It is not reported that the Governor of Kursk made a speech—but really he could have done no less. He called upon each man to do his duty. He reminded each soldier of the glory of Russian arms; omitting mention, however, of the Japanese war. He said that, for himself, he welcomed the coming struggle, and would carry out orders or die in the attempt. Then, marching shoulder to shoulder, hearts beating with patriotism and valor, they rushed upon this two-year-old child, captured him after the severe

combat that a child of two years would inevitably offer, and marched him away.

Men may come and men may go, but two things will go on forever, and one of these is the fame of the Governor of Kursk. He is a stalwart body and a soul unafraid. He would seize a rabbit in his naked hands and choke him in his tracks. He would snap his fingers in the face of the most ferocious ringdove. He fears no shadow; not even his own. He is the Napoleon of the Nursery.

QUEEN of the Dairy is Sophie XIX, of Lowell, Mass.; and if there is still left in the world regard for honest merit, she would have a wreath of laurel for her horns and an extra ration of cotton-seed meal. Sophie XIX is a cow, yes; but what a cow! There have been other good cows; there have been other good Sophies; eighteen good Sophies have stood in the barn and ruminated to produce this Sophie the Great, this marvel of lactation, this White-Hope of cream. Last year Sophie gave 17,557 pounds of milk, equal to 1,175 pounds of butter.

Long ago, Sophie's ancestors came from the Island of Jersey; but Sophie XIX is a genuine American queen. She is of the only true Aristocracy—the aristocracy of solid worth. Nor is there anything parvenu or mushroom about her ascendancy. For five years she has toiled patiently to fulfill her destiny. In these five years Sophie has given the world 64,253 pounds of milk, equal to 4,428 pounds of butter. Not thin, bluish, delicatessen milk, timidly putting forth a tissue-paper layer of cream, but a rich, yellowish substance more solid than liquid, of the kind that made coffee famous.

Let us stand at attention, each head uncovered, as Sophie passes by! In Sophie is the essence of prosperity, production, and happiness. Sophie is an effectual; she does things. She is the efficiency expert of the barnyard. She does not stand around gloomily, wishing for Spring, or cussing the weather, or bragging to other cows about her family tree, or relating stories of what she could do if she only had a chance, or twisting horns with some other idle cow over her basket of silage. *No, sir!* Sophie works. She is everlastingly on the job. She catches the flying minutes of life, mixes them with her balanced ration, and produces. No soldiering. No scamping. Just honest effort. That's Sophie XIX.

Freeman Tilden.

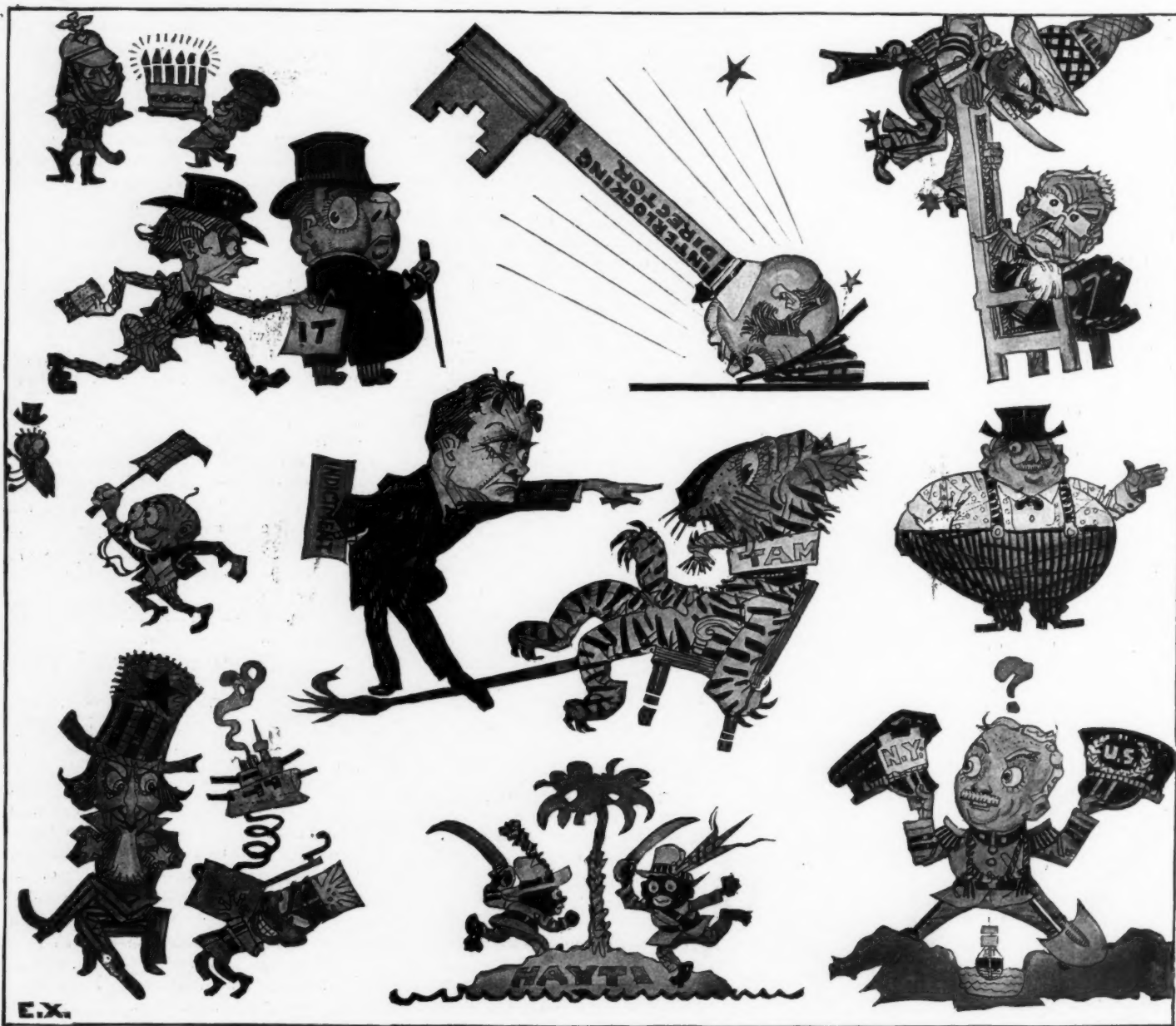
Puck

PUCK'S PICTURE-BOOK.

BILL SULZER, ex-Albany, '13,
Said Murphy had sprained his career;
"Panc" Villa, the bold Insurrecto,
Made motions at Mexico's rear.
A Cardinal toasted the Tango;
The Jap stuck his tongue out again,
Fresh hen-eggs in France
Are now twelve cents a glance,
And all Paris is going insane.

Hen. Pindell was slated for Russia,
As diplomat extraordinaire;
He answered politely "Nix doing;
I'll stick to my editor's chair."
A few interlocking directors
Were stricken with gloom of the brow;
This broad land of ours
Smoked four billion cigars,
And we're wearing our flannel ones now.

Geo. Goethals, the Spade of Culebra,
May (not) head the Gotham police;
Japan wants a dozen new Dreadnoughts.
To foster the Pidgeon of Peace.
Joe Choate had his annual birthday,
An old-fashioned habit, at that—
A Futurist gent
Explained just what it meant,
And the pipes all frapped in our flat.



Chas. Whitman, the hope of Manhattan,
Went gunning for tigers and such;
The Tammany mammal is troubled,
It seems to be needing a crutch.
The fiftieth Mexican crisis
Is daily expected to cry;
Green hair is the rage
On the vodevel stage
And we swatted a last summer's fly.

Vin. Astor, the well-known fiance,
Is painting his popular yacht;
The new revolution in Hayti
Has netted the movies a lot.
New York was enriched by a visit
From him they call "William the Glad;"
The Militant mitten
Is still swatting Britain,
And lots of loose weather was had.

Ed. Gould (one four-hundredth of Gotham)
Is planning to fly to Palm Beach;
Three comfortable Stock Exchange settles
Were vended for fifty thou' each.
The Kaiser confessed to a birthday—
The habit is going the rounds;
Miss Gladys McMillan
Found Count Cornet willin'
And Taft has lost eighty-odd pounds.

F. Dana Burnet.

Ruck



Washington Whispers



What Congress Did.

SENATE.—Steel-Trust Investigation.
HOUSE.—Restriction of Immigration.
BOTH.—Excess of Irritation.

SENATE.—Lively times in course of consideration of Newlands resolution to probe allegations of Steel-Trust rebates. Senator Lane, of Oregon, arouses colleagues by direct charge that committee report was "doctored." Lane is a physician at home, but colleagues did not take kindly to his offer to hold an autopsy in open session.

Rapid cross-fire of questioning and sarcasm aimed at the "Wolf of Wall Street," named as instigator of rebate charges. Vice-President insists on closed season for big game.

"It's a long lane which has no turning," according to Senate tradition. Lane is only five feet six-and-half. He withdrew his charge of "doctoring," thereby breaking another official precedent. Doctors seldom admit anything excessive in their charges.

Foreign relations continue to disturb the mid-day slumbers of peaceful Senators. Excitement caused by newspaper headline: "Carranza Promises to Invest Mexico City." No other kind of investors are pleased with outlook in troubled republic.

Senators, digressing anent President's message "On the State of the Union," agree not to sanction any further Morganatic alliances between the Bank and Bond families.

Senator Luke Lea, of Tennessee, is only one vowel ahead of Senator Blair Lee, of Maryland, on the Senate roll-call. And besides, it's one of those things which won't wear off.

State-Rights Democrats are getting flighty over rumors of that round-the-world aviation Marathon. (Some wished to call it a "classic Derby," but a derby is not a *high hat*.) Great jealousy exists over framing the new regulations for traffic in inter-State air. Under pure-food law already in force, gusts, squalls, or zephyrs imported from foreign countries by aeroplane must be plainly indicated on the outside. Any similar winds encountered within the continental boundaries will be deemed adulterated within the meaning of the pure-air law unless plainly labeled: "Fussy gusts, Greenland style;" "Alaska-like squalls," "Near-Palestine zephyrs," etc.

"Fliers May Split \$300,000," says newspaper sub-head. But no entrant will be eligible to participate in division of the fund unless his own head is unsplit at conclusion of the race. Temperance rules will prevail—participants cannot take a drop on the sly—only the spiral glide and volplane will be approved. All motors will be air-cooled—and some probably frozen. Colliding with an iceberg will be considered as a sufficient reason for disqualifying an

unfettered offender from further damaging the international race-course. Even Senators Root and Bristow agree upon this regulation as absolutely imperative.

HOUSE.—Continued, seriously and serially, debate on Burnett immigration bill, especially section making illiteracy a bar to entrance of aliens. Strenuous objection on part of certain Congressmen, lest same limitation be tacked onto Constitutional qualifications of members. Nevertheless, House refuses to strike out literacy test—for aliens.

Minority views submitted by Rep. Sabath of Illinois. [No relative of Billy Sunday, the baseball evangelist.]

Speaker Champ Clark's itinerary:

Tuesday: Refused to attend political dinner at suburban private home, participated in by Bryan and other ranking Democrats. "Too busy to accept when Congress is in session."

Thursday: Attended huge banquet in Baltimore. "Prolonging special session into the regular one was the most idiotic thing ever." "If all the toast-master said of me is true, I ought to be in the White House to-day."

Saturday: Campaigning in Iowa district to fill seat of late Congressman Pepper. Direct primary equally useful in Congressional and Presidential years.

[Afterthought: Alternate week-days reserved for personal explanations of preceding day's remarks.]

Hobson's Choice.—Alabama Senatorship.

Alumni Notes.—Joe Cannon, the famous player-manager of the Capitol Hill nine until March 4, 1913, when his long contract expired, will play centre-field on the Danville (Ill.) nine this spring. Although his salary wing is gone, "Jingo Joe" is certain he can come back. This fits in O.K. with the regular spring-training dope.

What the Supreme Court Did.

Held ineffective in California the Arizona limited-liability clause exempting stockholders from responsibility for debts of a corporation. California law provides that corporations incubated elsewhere cannot do business in the State on terms more favorable than those granted corporations organized by its own citizens. Case of California litigant now remanded to New York Federal Court for determination whether he can compel a New York stockholder in an Arizona corporation to pay share of loss in Pasadena hotel proposition. Scheme planned for ideal location in orange-growing section. Turned out a lemon. Important Inter-Mountain cases still pending. Winter recess taken until Tuesday, February 24.

What the President Did.

Suffragist delegation of three hundred working-women call at White House in advocacy of woman suffrage, but do not succeed in "working" the President. "I cannot speak for my Party," he pleaded. "Speak to it!" Came the prompt reply. President silently connoted inopportune-

of making a "holy show" with legislators on eve of Congressional elections.

"This is supposed to be a democracy," observed another Suffragist, "but no country is a democracy in which only half the people vote and assist in running the government." President's experience is that the White House under any other name would be just as comfortable. No lack of assistance from volunteer patriotic advisers, according to Secretary Tumulty.

President congratulates Editor Pindell, of Peoria, on latter's declination of the Ambassadorship to Russia after Senate confirmation of the nomination. Wishes more of his appointees would do the same. Wise editor, having created such a sensation by his political letters written in English, naturally shrank from experimenting with the possibilities of the Russian alphabet. "Think of my poor compositors back home in Pe-or-ya," mused he, "trying to set up the Russians attending embassy dinners." Consequently the almost-ambassador will not set 'em up in St. Petersburg. How happy the Russian court will be can be better appreciated after reading this verbatim quotation from the Pindell declination:

"No controversy of this kind [alleged political bargain over selection for a brief period of service] should surround the appointment of an ambassador to a country which cannot be expected to be familiar with the real circumstances as they are known at home."

[The Westerner should make a few more inquiries as to the duties of foreign-embassy staffs in Washington.]

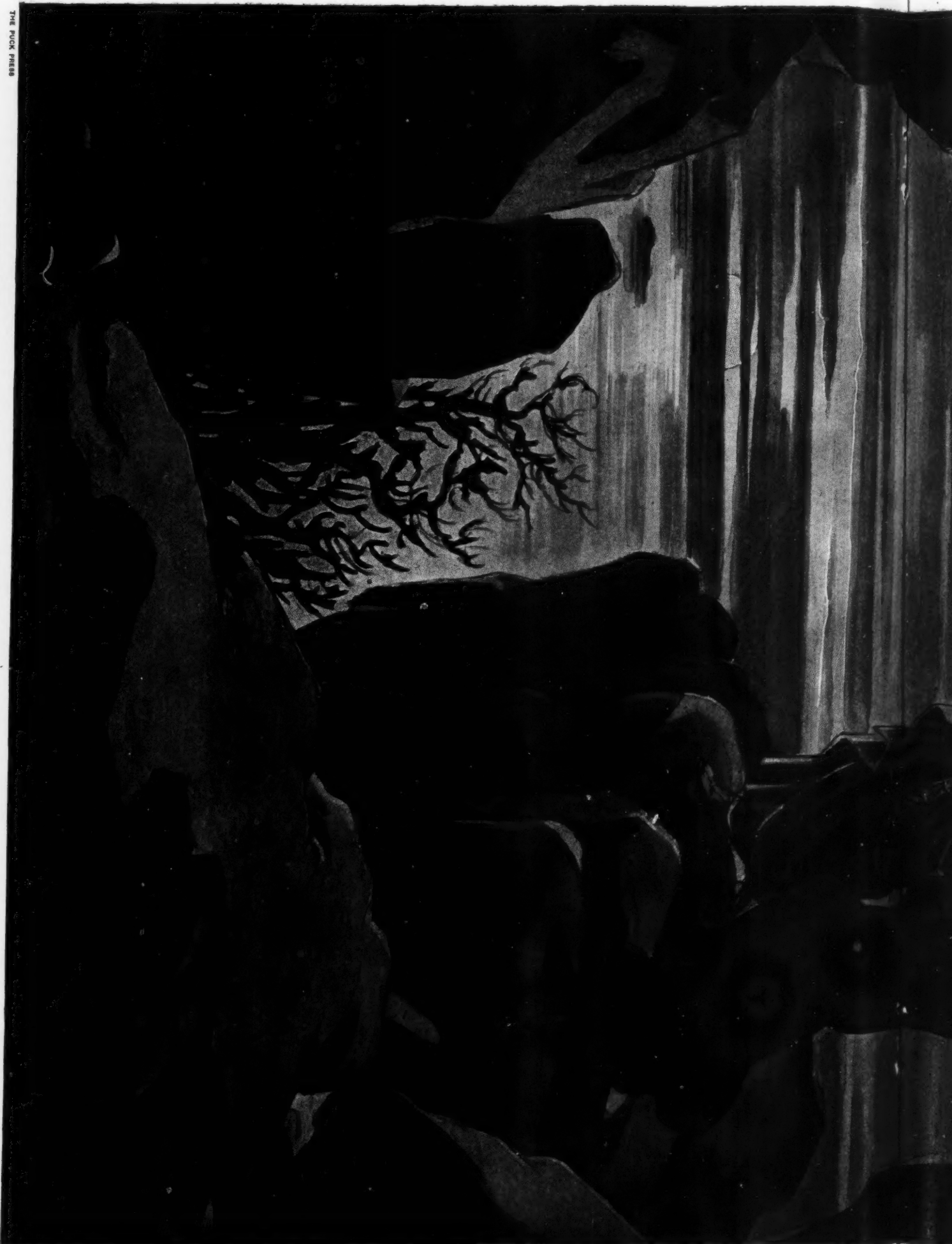
"There should be nothing personal to talk about or explain there, so far as the ambassador himself is concerned."

[Perhaps he intended to talk exclusively of Senator "Jim Ham" Lewis's pink whiskers, which provided a large part of the discussion of the recent "Safety at Sea" international conference in London. Convention decided that pink whiskers are not safe at sea if anyone tries to rock the boat.]

President appoints another Princeton professor to Federal office in Washington—Winthrop More Daniels, to be member of Interstate Commerce Commission. Confusion of names may worry jocular Josephus, of the Navy Department, but won't it tantalize Winthrop More!

Postmaster-General's advocacy of nationalization of telegraph and telephone lines presented to President. Hope that Huerta might take advantage of improved facilities for transmitting news of his resignation. Reported that Mexican dictator has now extended his term of office until two years after Wilson's term ends. Managers of House caucus ordered to Mexico City for instruction.

Coming of spring indicated by arrival of crows in White House trees and at Capitol. Nobody ready to "eat crow," however, at either end of the Avenue. Audubon Society discontinues meetings until after 1914 elections.



THE PUCK PRESS

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS ENTER UPON A NEW ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

*"We climb'd, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave;
Thence issuing 'we again beheld the stars.'—DANTE'S Inferno.*



Ruck

Puck

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

Puck at the Play

Puck SAYS:

When in New York Don't Miss:

MAUDE ADAMS, COMEDY Empire
7 KEYS TO BALDPATE, COMEDY . . . Astor
POTASH & PERLMUTTER, COMEDY . Cohan
THE LITTLE CAFE, MUSICAL. New Amsterdam
GRUMPY, COMEDY Wallack's
PEG O' MY HEART, COMEDY Cort
ADELE, MUSICAL Harris

You Will Find these Worth Your While:

OMAR THE TENT-MAKER, DRAMA. Lyric
SARI, OPERETTA Liberty
QUEEN OF THE MOVIES, MUSICAL . . . Globe
BILLIE BURKE, DRAMA Lyceum
WILLIE COLLIER, FARCE Hudson
YOUNG WISDOM, COMEDY Gaiety
ELSIE FERGUSON, COMEDY Gaiety
KITTY MacKAY, SCOTCH COMEDY . . . Comedy
THE YELLOW TICKET, MELODRAMA. Eltinge

You Would Probably Enjoy:

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, DRAMA. Shubert
THE MISLEADING LADY, COMEDY . . . Fulton
HIGH JINKS, MUSICAL Casino
FRANCES STARR, DRAMA Belasco
THINGS THAT COUNT, DRAMA. Playhouse
GIRL ON THE FILM, MUSICAL . . . 44th St.
MARIA ROSA, DRAMA Longacre
A DEAR FOOL Garrick



BY THAD LAWSON.

"CHANGE."

Booth Theatre.

THE obelisk, located up in Central Park, has been pronounced by acknowledged critics to be the real thing; yet it is surprising how few people wend their way to that rural location to view it. What one Joe Weber would like to



SCENE FROM "CHANGE."

know is: Are the people all right? If so, what's the matter with the obelisk?

The said Joseph further depose and saith that he has a play at the Booth Theatre called "Change," which resembleth not said obelisk, yet is pronounced by those assembled and others as being of class; yet, for reasons unknown to your deponent, it is not pronounced a success by the multitude at large.

Speaking for myself, the name obelisk appeals much more to my imagination and curiosity than the word "change." Until I saw the play I was uncertain whether that lone word was a promise, a command, or a threat; possibly that may be one of the reasons why the multitude leave their "change" at Hammerstein's and

other places that excite their curiosity, instead of walking around to see Joe Weber's obelisk.

The play is a "change" from the average type of plays, both in style and in presentation; to my mind, at least, it is a refreshing "change." It's a homely story of class-life in England, told in a quaint, characteristic way, with nothing false injected to give it a sensational or exciting "punch." Its production and staging create a local atmosphere that bears the closest scrutiny. The acting was delightful, so unassuming and modest, yet so minutely correct in portrayal of character and emotions. The play is devoid of much action, in fact, rather talky, but the lines are not of the "fill-in" variety—they always have a direct bearing on the story, which tells of some intensely human problems in the life of a lowly Welsh family.

It is not the sort of a play that the average New Yorker revels in; not that it is over his head, but rather he prefers something more exciting and sensational, although it can readily be seen how this drama appealed to the masses in England, where they are continually confronted by such problems. Perhaps if a little more of the dynamite and gun-play that was given off the stage were to be given on the stage, duly featured, *blasé* New Yorkers would take to it kindlier.

That "Change" is not a success here in no way reflects on J. O. Francis, the author, or Joe Weber and Walter Hast, the producers; they are not to blame if we are not interested in obelisks; it is simply their misfortune that they happen to be in the obelisk business in New York City.

"THE DEAR FOOL."

Garrick Theatre.



EVA MOORE AND H. V. ESMOND.

AGAIN we gathered at the Garrick to see our old friends, the English Players, in H. V. Esmond's new play, "The Dear Fool." Mr. Esmond, it will be remembered, is the author of the former production, "Eliza Comes to Stay."

It takes all kinds of people to make up this world, which fact is doubtless known to all playwrights. It also takes all kinds of plays to make up a theatrical season—which fact should be borne in mind by all critics, myself included.

Mr. Esmond's new play is different from any other play we have in New York at present, not excepting the successes; it is a better play than "Eliza;" of this we were positive when they arrived at the point in the second act where Jack fell out of the tree; the plot was surely developing action.

A widow with two nice boys refuses the attention of a man about her age; she spends a clandestine evening with an unseen lover; while she is away one of her sons falls out of a tree, and when she learns of it on her return she is naturally rather distressed, and decides after all to marry the first-mentioned applicant.

This is the material from which Mr. Esmond writes his plays; he is to be congratulated on giving us such an entertainment as he does, considering the material he has to work on; it reflects credit on his ability—at dramatizing.

Such is life. The author writes, and the critic criticises, both for the same reason,—a sordid one. I only speak for myself when I confess to keenly realizing the truth of the above, particularly so when, perchance, I not only criticise another's work, but nonchalantly essay to instruct him how it should be done; so, having first seared myself, I venture, with due meekness and humility, to offer a suggestion to Mr. Esmond as to future plays: First, search the highways and byways, if necessary, until you find a real, healthy, robust, vital idea; then, for the love of Mike! give it a suitable and attractive title.

FIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS.

Princess Theatre.



HOLBROOK BLINN IN "THE HARD MAN."

IF you are a *table d'hôte* fiend, you can have even your drama served in this style by attending the Princess. They serve a varied *menu*, five courses, all for the trifling sum of \$3 or thereabouts; you go from soup to nuts.

FIRST COURSE: Diluted French soup entitled "A Neglected Lady;" programmed as "from the French;" had the said French resisted, whoever took it from them would hardly have been justified in using force. The soup was somewhat amusing, but very ordinary.

SECOND COURSE: "The Hard Man," with Holbrook Blinn in the cast; well acted, thrilling climax. One of the leading characters thoughtlessly shot himself just as things were nicely getting started; curtain. We were charitable and forgave him for his carelessness.

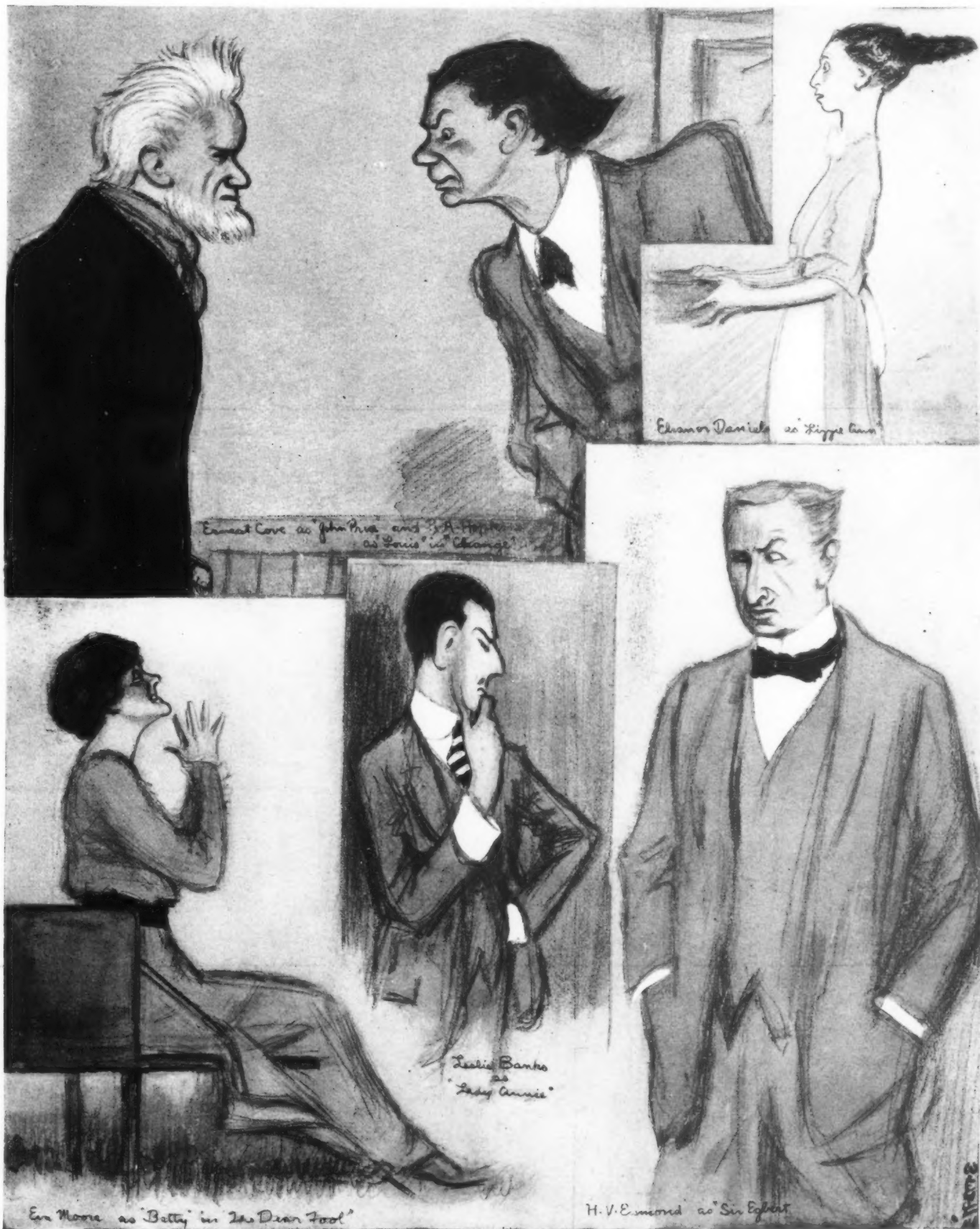
THIRD COURSE: Vitriolic! That's the word; it just expresses it. *The Man* (Harry Mestayer) seeks a diabolical revenge on *The Woman* (May Buckley) for having blinded and otherwise disfigured him with acid. He prevails upon her to call at his house under the pretense of desiring to forgive her; following a strong, well-acted, emotional scene he pours vitriol into her eyes, and we—the onlookers—have the exquisite pleasure of watching her writhe in agony to a slow curtain. Sounds interesting, doesn't it?

FOURTH COURSE: "The Fountain" was a very picturesque scene in Paris; it contained a fountain which was audibly spouting real water; the water made more noise than the actors.

FIFTH COURSE: This was the dessert, and was the most edible of all; it was labeled "It Can Be Done." This scene was laid on the New York Central Railroad,—the rear-end of a fast-moving passenger coach; it showed how an adventuress finally parted a man from his money, even though he was a New Yorker. Both May Buckley and Holbrook Blinn did excellent work in this act.

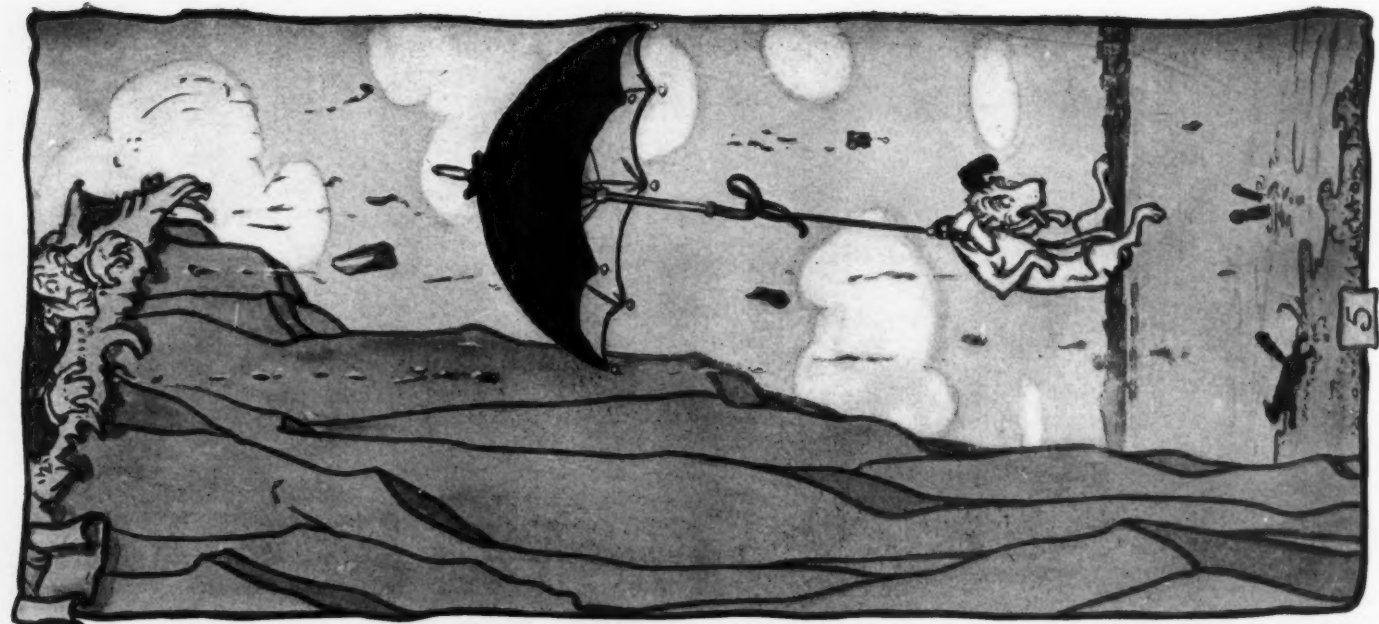
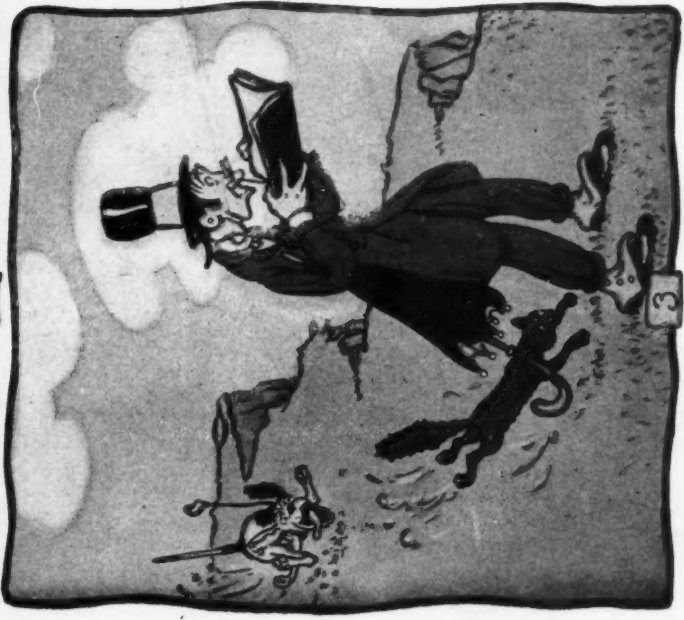
Puck

“What Puck these Mortals be!”



"THE DEAR FOOL" AND "CHANGE."

ON THE PALISADES



CHICAGO FOREHEADS.

3UST as every nose has a face behind it, so every city, town and suburb has something worthy of the Hall of Fame.

San Francisco is the epicure's paradise when it comes to strawberry short-cake.

Who has not heard of Hegewisch as Mr. Battling Nelson's home office?

Washington, D. C., is known on both continents to have a greater collection of freak monuments to the square mile than any other capital on the globe.

Boston's streets, that were laid out by a Cubist, have made her famous beans pale into insignificance.

Speak of Emporia, and you hear the echo: William Allen White.

Taft, Tex., is acknowledged to be the absolute zero in civic names.

And now to the point:

Chicago is the City of Wash-board Foreheads!

Nowhere else in the world can the traveler find so many of the natives adorned with foreheads that are corrugated.

Perhaps it is from the lake water—or the milk, which is the same thing there—but the fact remains, almost everybody in Chicago has foreheads that rumple like the hide of an Arkansas razorback.

Along with other landmarks, earmarks, trade-marks, or whatever marks you want to call them, these wash-board foreheads are of different varieties.

First, there are the ones that buckle up over the nose like a rising sun. Truly it is inspiring to see the fat man in a Loop café hoist his nose into his forehead and guzzle a spoon of hot soup!

Then we find wrinkled lines in the foreheads that arch over the eyebrows in a bow-legged fashion. This facial design is usually the result of using eyebrows as often as a Freshman shrugs his shoulders.

You can easily recognize the moving-pictures made in Chicago. The actors continually jerk up their foreheads, like a chameleon shoots out its tongue.

Some noted Chicago masseurs have told me, in confidence, they can read the identity of people by their foreheads. Whether this is true I am not authority enough on palmistry to say. Anyway, their conclusions are interesting.

If a man had a forehead that looked like Main Street, in Salem, Neb., why, the masseurs said, he was either a bank president or a Slavisch husky at the Stock Yards.

If the wrinkles hung over and on the eye-



THE BREATH OF SCANDAL.

"Look at the longeree, would ye! An' her gittin' only eight dollars a wake!"

brows, the person was either a city editor, with six big stories breaking half a minute before the dead-line, or a man trailed by motor-car salesmen.

Likewise, if the forehead wrinkles resembled a miniature clay topographical map of the Rocky Mountains, the wearer was Hon. J. Ham. Lewis, M. C., being besieged by mobs of job-hungry Democrats.

And strange to say, the masseurs declared, most deep thinkers have smooth foreheads—at least, until they get past middle age. Apparently there are few deep thinkers in Chicago.

Foreheads serve a double purpose in Chicago. Many are serviceable as match-lighters. They are also used to express surprise, anger, amusement, "O, you kid," scorn, meditation, "How dare you, sir!" and other emotions, when the mouth is employed otherwise. I understand all the circus and vaudeville acrobats who walk on their heads come from Chicago. They use their corrugated foreheads instead of skid-chains.

The next time you see a man with a wash-board forehead, just ask: "Beg pardon, but aren't you from Chicago?" Nine times out of ten he'll almost telescope his forehead saying Yes. *Norman Klein.*

SO SAD!

THE greatest trial of married life is not to be able to take advantage of the excuse you know your wife would believe.

HUMOR.

ONCE upon a time, in the Adirondacks, or the Maine woods, or where you will, a deer was accosted by a hunter.

"Can you direct me to my hotel?" asked the latter, civilly. The deer died laughing.

"Pardon my discourtesy, but the humor of me being mistaken for a guide is too much!" protested the beast with its last breath.

It is not always easy for a rule to work both ways without hardship.

JOY OF THE AMATEUR.

HE was engaged to a charming widow at one time.

"Yes; and he says he will always look back upon it as one of the most delightful in experiences he ever had."

THE MAIN THING.

STAGE MANAGER.—What do you want for this musical comedy, a long-skirted or a short-skirted chorus?

PRODUCER.—Any old length as long as it's tight-skirted.

CLEAN RECORD.

THE artillerist always spoke of his gun in the feminine gender.

"You see, sir, she was never yet silenced!" he explained, with glistening eyes.



SOUNDED LIKE IT.

THE PUP.—Gee! I thought for a moment they were calling me.

Men—
if you want
to know what
Nectar tastes
like, just try
Old Harper's
Whiskey

BERNHIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

EARLY SUSPICION.

"Fred, do you remember where you were in 1910?" asked the bride of a few months.

"Why, no, dear, I don't remember exactly," replied the young husband. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, I was reading to-day in the paper that it is said that in 1910 one person in every eight hundred in the United States was in prison."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.

"I despise a hypocrite."

"So do I."

"Now take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."—*Boston Transcript*.

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

"I tell you, Mary," said the fair creature in the restaurant, "this Worcester-shyre sauce is as hot as things down in Chee-hooa-hooa, Mexico."—*New Orleans States*.

SURE.

JOE.—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?

JOSEPHINE.—Hold the hammer in both hands.—*Sun Dial*.

"Ah!" he sighed, "if you only gave me the least hope I——"

"Gracious!" interrupted the hard-hearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave to any man."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while
the Candle Burns.

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

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Per Volume,
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THREE GOOD ONES.

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kindoo,
He sticks to caste
From first to last;
For pants he makes his skindoo.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

There was a young lady of Wilts,
Who walked up to Scotland on stilts;
When they said it was shocking
To show so much stocking,
She answered: "Then what about kilts?"

NO TRUST.

The London *Daily Chronicle* says that the late Sir Robert Ball, a keen humorist, was never loth to recount a joke at his own expense. He was dining with some friends at Stratford, and on the bill being presented he said to the landlady: "Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. In 25,000,000 years all things must return to their original condition. We shall all be here again eating a dinner precisely identical. Will you give us credit until we come back?" "Well," replied the landlady, "you were here 25,000,000 years ago, and you left without paying the bill then. Settle that account, and I will trust you for what you have had to-day."

THE finger of destiny and the hand of fate are one and inseparable in the affairs of men.—*City A. C. Journal*.



GOLF MANIAC.—And pray, Sir, what may your favorite recreation be?

HYPOCHONDRIAC.—Indigestion.—*Punch*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

A WOMAN who traveled a great deal in the West, says the *Argonaut*, was known as the most inveterate "kicker" a certain hotel had ever known. One evening after she had been served with dessert this lady, who was always complaining, asked the waiter why the dish served her was called "ice-cream pudding." "If you don't like it, ma'am, I'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro. "Oh, it's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called 'ice-cream pudding.' It's wrongly named. There should be ice-cream served with it." "Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but that's jest our name for it. Lots o' dishes is named that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with cottage-pudding, you know."

"Ah!" sighed the boarder who was given to rhapsodies, as they sat down to the Christmas dinner, "if we could only have one of those turkeys that we used to raise on the farm when I was a boy!"

"Oh, well," said the pessimistic boarder, "perhaps it is one. You never can tell."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

POSTMAN.—Bad luck, Mr. Doolan! Here's a black-edged letter for you. MR. DOOLAN.—It's me poor brother Pat, dead. Oi'd know his hand-writin' anywhere!—*Liverpool Mercury*.



OLD LADY.—What a dreadful down-pour. It's a regular waterspout!

—*Punch*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

AND SHE KEPT ON SMOKING.

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked a preacher of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I 'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I 'se heard it."

"Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?"

"Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."—*Kansas City Farmer*.

SERVE A PURPOSE.

PATIENCE.—I don't see what good those lapels on a man's coat are.

PATRICE.—When you are married you'll know.

PATIENCE.—Why?

PATRICE.—Well, I've known married women who have discovered what kind of husbands they had by finding blonde hairs or face powder on the lapel of their coats.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WORTHY.

"He has some sins," St. Peter said, "but cover them with chalk; He's often listened for two hours to other people talk."—*Dallas News*.

THE BRUTE.

HE.—I called to see your father this afternoon.

SHE (*fluttering visibly*).—Oh, did you?

HE.—Yes. He has been owing our firm a little bill for some time.—*Boston Transcript*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

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The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle

Every time the clock ticks, a New Name is added to Sunny Brook's list of Life Members—it gains friends every day, and keeps them all. Sunny Brook is a safe, sane satisfying stimulant—its exquisite flavor, soft mellowness and high tonic properties have made it the most popular beverage everywhere, North, South, East and West.

Sunny Brook keeps the nerves right, the grip tight, and the heart light. Every bottle is sealed with the Green Government Stamp, which shows that it is genuine, straight, natural whiskey, and U. S. Government Standard—100% proof. Furthermore, when you buy Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—you have the guarantee of the Largest Distillers of Fine, Old Whiskey in the World, that it is scientifically distilled and carefully aged in the good, old, honest Sunny Brook way.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist un-corks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL!



TIMEKEEPER (arranging starts for Scottish golf competition).—Name, please?
 GOLFER.—M. de Valmont.
 TIMEKEEPER.—Tut, mon, we canna bother oorselves wi' names like that here. Ye'll start at nine-thirty the morn's mornin' to the name o' McPherson.—*The Sketch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

CLIMBING OUT OF A HOLE.

Everyone has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and received the reply, "She is my wife." But the story does n't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinary ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said, persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"—*Eve. Post*.

"Oh, you flatterer," is merely a delicate periphrasis for "Please say it some more."—*City A. C. Journal*.

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Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us \$4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for because it tells you how to save \$41.50. It's FREE.

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GOURMET'S LOVE-SONG.

As is the mint sauce to the lamb,
 As is the fried egg to the ham,
 As is the 'possum to the yam,
 Are you to me!

Like pork without the apple-sauce,
 Like hot cross buns without the cross,
 Without you, love, a total loss
 My life would be!

Like apple-pie without the cheese,
 Or juicy lamb without the peas,
 Or lemon-ice that will not freeze,
 Would be my life.

You are the syrup to my cakes,
 You are the mushrooms to my steaks,
 And so I beg for both our sakes,
 Oh, be my wife!

I love you with my heart and soul,
 More than young squab *en casserole*,
 More than French dressing in the bowl,
 Oh, do be mine!

What? No? My future thus you spoil!
 My salad you deprive of oil!
 Farewell! But still the pot will boil!
 I go to—dine! —*The Globe*.

UNCHANGING.

GIBBS.—A man's best friend, they say, is a full pocketbook.

DIBBS.—An empty one is his most constant friend, because while others may grow cold, he will find no change in his purse.—*Boston Transcript*.

A soft, rich whiskey with the flavor of an old vintage. Old fashioned distillation—ripened by age only.

Bottled in Bond

PEBBLEFORD

Old Fashioned Quality

Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
 BOURBON, NELSON COUNTY, KY

"Now, children, can you name any other creature who belongs to the brute creation?"

"I can, teacher."

"Then name the creature."

"My papa. My mamma says so."—*Chicago Tribune*.

WIFE.—What time did you come home last night?

HUSBAND.—Eleven-thirty.

WIFE.—I sat up until twelve.

HUSBAND.—Yes. I sat on the front steps until you retired, so as not to disturb you.—*Boston Globe*.

PROF. (in geology).—The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years.

SOPH.—Great guns! And I loaned a geologist ten dollars yesterday!—*Punch Bowl*.



Home after dreary tramping through rain and wind. Guard against chills and colds with a glass of warming, comforting

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

A pure, mellow whiskey endorsed by five generations of physicians because of its uniformity and excellence.

Distilled and bottled in bond.

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LAST-DITCH FIGHT.

An old gentleman, now deceased, never seemed to be satisfied unless he had several cases pending in court. He left surviving a son who seems to have followed in his footsteps and has continued to keep up his father's record of proceedings in court.

Several of the attorneys were talking about his court troubles one day, when one of them told the following about the old gent:

The old gent had just won a case in the Justice Court, when the loser, in a very combative frame of mind, exclaimed: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

OLD GENT.—I'll be thar.

LOSER.—And I'll law you to the Supreme Court.

OLD GENT.—I'll be thar.

LOSER.—I'll law you to 'ell!

OLD GENT.—My attorney'll be thar.—*The Docket*.

REGULARLY.

"Your 'air's getting thin, sir. Let me sell you—"

"That's all right. I put something on it, every morning."

"May I ask what you put on it, sir?"

"My hat!" (Operation finished in silence).—*London Opinion*.

WIFE.—The doctor said right away that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue.

HUB.—Heavens! I hope he did n't give you a stimulant for that!—*Boston Transcript*.

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